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# PRISON PINDARICS;

OR,

*A New Year's Gift from Newgate.*

HUMBLY PRESENTED TO THE

STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY,

BY

T. S. ESQ.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY THE AUTHOR.

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*Est locus in carcere, quod Tullianum appellatur.*

SALLUST BELL. CATILIN.

Within our Gaol one room you find  
To Eloquence and Wit confign'd.

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DUBLIN.

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1795.

cc 26



TO THE  
STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

GENTLEMEN,

TO you I naturally dedicate the fruits of that leisure my Exertions in your Cause have met with. And though I have said\*—as indeed I thought—that no one of you is distinguished as a Sophocles or a Cicero, yet I believe firmly that you can read English, and I hope you will learn from me a proper Contempt for the governing part of your College.

I have the honour to be,

GENTLEMEN,

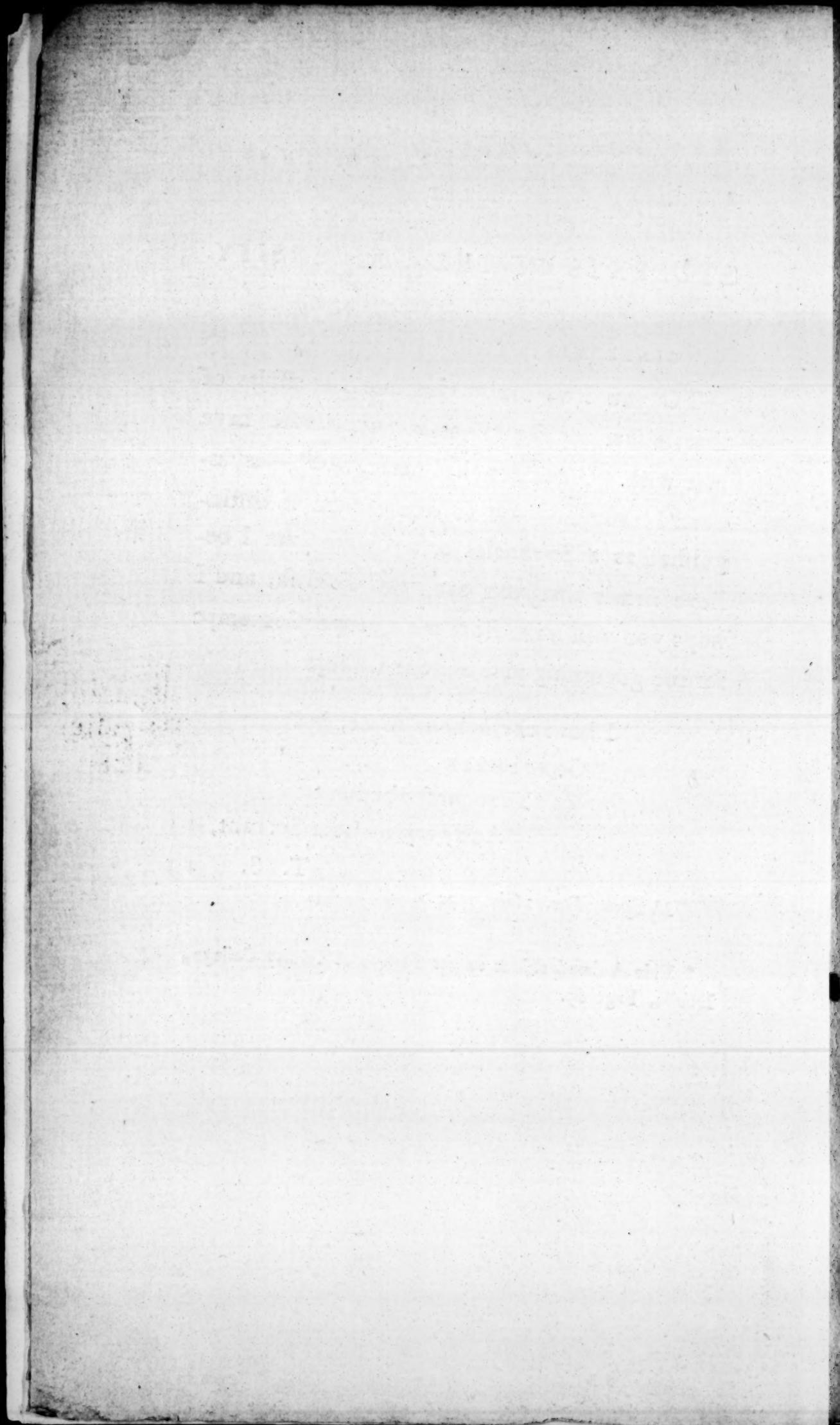
Your most obedient

And very humble Servant,

T. S.

*Newgate, Dec. 26th, 1794.*

\* Vide Animadversions on the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, Page 65.



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## PRISON PINDARICS, &c.

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### I.

**C**urst be your College! Curst its Constitution!  
Where Genius never meets regard,  
Where access to the Muse is barr'd,  
Where

#### NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

I think it may by this time be presumed that every reader of taste—and to such only I write—has made himself perfect master of my Animadversions on the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin: the allusions in this poem to that celebrated work are so frequent, and many of them so delicate, that it will be impossible, without a thorough acquaintance with it, to perceive the beauties of this little piece. As we have a good many copies on hands, I have ordered Folingsby, my Printer, to sell them to the purchasers of this at 2s. each.

Line 1. *Curst its Constitution.*] Not the original one as granted by the first charter, but that spurious Constitution of modern days which, under the assumed power of making by-laws, has excluded all the much revered and ancient information to be had in Aristotle's *Novum Organum*, and Porphyry's *Isagoge*, and has given us in its place Locke, Euclid, Astronomy, Physics, and such trash, utterly ruinous to the genius and taste of the Undergraduates.

Line

Where dullness' leaden Sceptre rules  
 O'er fellow rogues and student fools, 5  
 Morpheus' favourite Institution !

With

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 4. *Where dulness, &c.*] Why then, you will ask, did Mr. S. put his Son there? I might pretend here that I had placed him in this College the better to enable me to discover the defects of its system, and thus rival Brutus in sacrificing my son for the good of the state. But that regard for truth I have always possessed makes me decline this praise. In truth then, I found the people of England very ungrateful for the literary and political services I had rendered them—I perceived in Ireland subjects of very interesting Speculation arising and no men of talents to handle them—this, with a good deal of private business (having twenty-two law-suits at present going on) determined me to return to this country, and of course, with the warm prejudices of an Irish heart, to have my son partake the eclat of Dublin College—the only action of my life I have ever repented of.

Line 5. *O'er fellow rogues.*] Two instances of the Fellows' roguery are as good as two thousand. These I choose, because the statement I made of them in my Animadversions has been denied, and I understand I am to have the honour of defending myself in the Court of King's Bench next term on them.

ROGUERY THE FIRST.

The Fellows (Vid. Animad. page 142.) sweep into their fobs eight thousand pounds annually, being the amount of the mulcts arbitrarily levied from the students. The Fellows say the punishments amount to but eight hundred, and that they never go into their pockets—I never expected they would tell the truth—But here is logic and mathematics for them. The value of a Senior Fellowship is known to depend principally on *fines*. Every College tenant knows this—Now what are punishments but fines? Q. E. D.—And if they are rogues for eight hundred pounds a year, I'm sure *a fortiori*, they would be so for eight thousand.

ROGUERY THE SECOND.

The Examiners settle beforehand with the Students to take them at Examinations in *such* and *such* places, (Vide Animadv. page

With joy we fly thy hated walls—  
 Stupid lectures—smoky halls—  
 Lumber of Logics—mathematic Knowledge :  
 And cheerful ev'n amidst the prison's gloom 10  
 Breathe patriotic air in Rowan's room,  
 Our former mighty deeds rehearse—  
 Plan pamphlets—scribble Latin verse—  
 Better to write in Gaol, than read in College.

## II.

Say, Eliza, royal maid, 15  
 Celibacy's fondest friend,  
 Why rises not thy angry shade?  
 Thy rigid laws to amorous dalliance bind—  
 But

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

page 113.) This I prove thus. Many Questions which Deane missed other lads hit—Deane never had any such compact with his Examiner—Ergo they had—for how else could they answer better than Deane? Q. E. D. as before.

Line 9. *Lumber of Logics—mathematic Knowledge.*] My young booby, in his inimitable sarcastic poem on the College, calls it with much wit A Logic, Mathematic College.

Line 13. *Scribble Latin verse.*] Sometimes sense verses, sometimes Nonsense—just as it happens.

Line 14. *Better to write in Gaol.*] Writing is my Hobby-horse—Speaking also I am fond of—Reading is too dull for me. I have always been thought to have remarkable talents for Satire, and thank God I have not hid them in a napkin. Writing is now an habitual pleasure to me—a recreation necessary to my health. When confined with the wound I received from Lenox in the cause of my country, nothing gave me so much relief as writing the charming little pamphlet I published on the occasion. It contained all the letters which passed, with comments, &c.—they made a good *Shilling Cut* of thirty-two pages, or thereabouts.

Line 18. *Thy rigid laws.*] Many of the Fellows of this College for more than a century past have been privately married, and

But hence in singleness of life  
 Fellows thy wishes shall obey. 20  
**I** loath my own and every wedded wife—  
 I'll drag connubial secrets into day.  
 Stranger myself to all domestic peace,  
 Distracted matrons my revenge shall fear—  
 With phrase obscene I'll wound each delicate  
 ear— 25  
 Infants with screams my furious threats shall hear.  
 And

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

and there is no saying how much longer this evil might have continued, to the great prejudice of morals and learning, if some public-spirited gentleman, like me, had not attacked it. When my son was disgraced I looked diligently into all the abuses of the College, and really found many which had heretofore escaped even my own notice. As most of the Fellows were men of domestic habits, I thought any thing like an attack on their wives and children would punish them most severely. Academic institutions were originally monastic, and we know monks never committed the sin of matrimony. I can assure my fair readers it was my anxiety to procure them *lovers*, which made me rail so much against Fellows being *husbands*.

Line 21. *I loath my own, &c.*] For a considerable time past, Mrs. S. and I have not lived together. I am the quietest, best-tempered man in the world, but she was a very termagant. One day I was repeating to her a beautiful passage in my "Female Parliament"—It began with that line which puzzled the Reviewers so much :

" Odours of Velvet embalming the Gale"—

But the gale soon rose to a perfect storm, and in the conclusion she actually took up Deane, being the first thing which came to hand, and knocked him at my head. I don't think either of our heads were the better of the collision. After that I apprehended she and I should agree best when we should never see each other.

Line

And never shall my efforts cease  
 'Till I have agonized each College dame—  
 Blasted her comfort—sneered away her fame—  
 My great revenge shall laugh her griefs to see, 30  
 And Rhynwick Williams' self shall be outdone  
 by me.

## III.

To me, a genuine child of the Sun,  
 Revenge is Virtue—Cruelty is fun.  
 Talk not of Pity—see my boy,  
 Perfection's self—without one fault— 35  
 Revenge my first—and he my second joy—  
 Pillar erect of Attic salt—  
 Skilled in polite, and pugilistic lore,  
 Friend to the Muses much, but to Mendoza more.  
 Him

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 32. *Rhynwick Williams.*] Rhynwick Williams, Esq; a very ingenious artist and my particular friend. His profession was that of an artificial flower-maker, but he was an excellent engraver: a remarkable good hand at a frontispiece, and extremely useful to me while I lived in London. He was very much calumniated under the name of the Monster for stabbing women in the street. I had not appeared as a Barrister for many years, but this occasion was so singular, and Mr. Williams so very dear to my heart that I came forward as his counsel. The defence I made was uncommonly ingenious and eloquent—I printed it afterwards in a pamphlet, entitled the Monster at large—in which, by the by, I made as many pleasant jeux d'esprits, and double entendres on the ladies who prosecuted him, as I have on the Fellows wives—The jury were absurd enough to find him guilty on eleven indictments, and his fine talents are now thrown away in the Justitia.

Line 37. *Pillar erect, &c.*] *Impetuoso ne pede prorups* stantem columnam—said I to the Fellows of the College-- but they did not understand me.

Him just arrived from Eton School, 40  
 Ev'n at the Academic Vestibule,  
 Cerberus met and bay'd him for a fool.  
 The tyrant Hall my modest youth depreſ'd—  
 Twelve were preferr'd to him who must have  
 been the best.

## IV.

Nor here the Tyrant's envy stopp'd— 45  
 From my boy's brows the bays he would have  
 cropp'd.

Deane's

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 41. *Academic Vestibule.*] *Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in fauibus Orci*; for Dublin College I pronounce to be Hell itself—the tomb of Genius, and damnation of Literature.

Line 42. *Cerberus met.*] Cerberus is a peculiarly happy name for Hall—I am remarkable for hitting off appropriate names by which a stranger would know the person for whom they were meant as well as an intimate. In proof of this, let the reader turn to page 66 of my Animadversions, where all the Fellows are so well fitted with a suit of nicknames.

Line 43. *The tyrant Hall.*] Hall treated my son so ill that I could never bear to look in his face—I'm told his countenance is remarkably truculent.

Line 44. *Twelve were preferr'd.*] That it is impossible any twelve young men alive could have answered better than my son is demonstrable—He is a direct descendant by a collateral branch from the celebrated Dean Swift—He is my son—He was educated at Eton, and I had taken peculiar pains in forming his mind and his manners. But I knew what was to be expected when I was told Hall asked him his name, the name and profession of his father and the place of his education, and wrote down Deane's answers to his impertinent curiosity.

Line 45. *The Tyrant's envy.*] I was at first somewhat at a loss to know what could have prompted Hall to set himself so directly against my son at entrance—but I have at last fully satisfied myself that it must have been Envy. Hall, as well as my son, was bred at an English School, and has the reputation of being the best classical Scholar in Dublin College—

Deane's dulcet numbers met his rude attack:  
His Latin verse was term'd a Knack.

He fell not unrevenged.

His wit indignant scorn'd humiliate prose, 50  
Arm'd all with points an Epigram he throws:

Wounded with point of Epigram

The tyrant flunk away—

But dark conspiracy became

The order of the day. 55

When

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lege—a praise considerably below Deane's contesting with him. But did Doctor Hail ever produce such elegant and harmonious lines as those of my son's, which I gave to the public in proof that he could not deserve to be cautioned for Mathematics.

Line 49. *He fell not unrevenged.*] Doctor Johnson mentions it as a praise of Dryden's Ode on Alexander's Feast, that there are some lines in it which have no corresponding rhymes. Without any intention of imitating Dryden, I have involuntarily become entitled to the same praise. This line stands without a rhyme—the idea was so pleasing that my mind was quite filled with it, and scorned to weaken it by any appendix of verbal sound coincident.

Line 50. *Scorned humiliate prose.*] Facit indignatio versus—But the si natura negat is not applicable to Deane. In Latin composition he is a compleat natural.

Line 54. *Dark conspiracy.*] Such a conspiracy is only paralleled by that of the dunces against Pope. The Dunciad was the consequence, and if I shall be induced to stay in this country, I shall certainly publish a Fellowiad. For one year and an half I am convinced the Fellows did nothing whatever but cabal and plot against me and my son. I had myself introduced to most of them as a man desirous of their acquaintance, but not one of them encouraged the intimacy. They were jealous of my talents and reputation, and they were conscious of the conspiracy against my son.

When o'er the cruel tyrant Hall  
 A Conquest we atchiev'd,  
 A secret band assembled at his call—  
 With treacherous aid their dastard chief  
 relieved.

By a sworn host of foes my Infant was undone, 60  
 And Burrowes perfected the work the tyrant had  
 begun.

## V.

Oh ! my prophetic mind ! I saw the storm,  
 Collecting secret fury from afar—  
 Saw Vengeance veil'd in academic form—  
 Saw Burrowes his Examiner ! 65  
 I mark'd his Eye—I mark'd his Lip—  
 I spy'd the blackening of his brows—

I saw

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Line 61. *Burrowes.*] A proper instrument for Hall's mean revenge, being peevish, malignant and ignorant—I am told he has written some things in the Transactions of the Irish Academy, but I never read them. He has the character of a good preacher—I am sure, if he deserves it, the Sermons he preaches cannot be his own. No man who treated my son as he did, could know any thing of Religion.

Line 62. *Oh ! my prophetic mind !*] My prophecy came out so exactly that I had serious apprehensions my death was approaching, and that I was taking too near a peep into futurity. I told my son it was useless for him to read, as the Fellows in revenge and envy would certainly caution him—Whether he read or not, Burrowes fulfilled my words—he proved my sagacity without knowing it.

Line 66. *His eye—his lip, &c.*] I have often applied to Burrowes's countenance King John's Comment on Hubert's. My situation here deprives me of an opportunity of transcribing the passage—besides, the devil is in haste at my elbow. A good painter might make an admirable picture of the two contrasted figures—Burrowes as Hubert, looking with scornful cruelty at Deane, and Deane, my pretty boy, as Prince Arthur looking at Euclid's Elements the instrument of his torture. Hall might be brought in as the Tyrant John, and

I as

I saw his finger register each slip,  
 Grim frown'd th' unpolish'd face that the hard  
 heart avows !  
 Nor vain my bodings ! with his Gorgon look  
 He petrified my bashful boy : 70  
 Then threw him Euclid's second book,  
 His every prospect to destroy.

Assassin

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I as Lady Constance. At Eton, when they perform any of Terence's comedies, the females are represented by young men.

Line 68. *Grim frown'd.*] The insolent practice which the Fellows had of looking at the Student to whom they addressed their discourse, or from whom they expected an answer, my Animadversions have, I hope, compleatly put down. Nothing can be more unpolite. I always look sideways at the person to whom I speak, and my eyes keep continually rolling about him, and never steadfast.

Line 71. *Euclid's second book.*] I am happy to have an opportunity of refuting Burrowes's account of what passed at those examinations—As he tells the story, “ he never heard of my son until he met his name in the roll of his division”—What? never hear of my son?—Oh! fie Doctor Burrowes. Then he says that “ in Logics my son did not answer more than one question”—My son answer but one question! How improbable—If it was the case, how came you, Sir, to ask such foolish questions, that a boy of my son's talents could not or would not answer more than one out of eight or nine. But the second book of Euclid—the compact?—Why, Burrowes says, “ there was no compact—that he asked Deane—as he did to every one else—one question in the second book, and on his missing that, gave him four or five in the first book—all which he missed, though one of them was among the first thirteen.”—’Tis not that I care whether Deane knows any of Euclid's propositions or not—on my soul I love him better, because I do not believe he knows one book of it from another—but when Deane asserts one thing and Burrowes another, I know—and the public knows, where the credit is due. Deane said nothing in the hall about the compact—but is Burrowes to triumph over his bashfulness

Affassin with your apogogic heart,  
 How durst you pick a hole in my Son's coat?  
 He'd his Humanity by rote— 75  
 Feel you not Conscience' stinging smart?  
 Caution my pride—and get a dispensation—  
 And in my presence preach 'gainst defamation!—

## VI.

Spirit of our much read Sire,  
 Smile upon thy progeny! 80  
 In

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bashfulness—and if the boys in Deane's division agree in Burrowes's story—we know they got their examinations, while my victim fell beneath the knife of the assassin—Oh! shame!—shame!! shame!!!

Line 73, 74. *Apogogic heart—Hole in coat.*] These phrases are taken from my Animadversions. I have every variety of style—sometimes learned—sometimes colloquial—always pleasant.

Line 77. *Get a dispensation.*] Burrowes knew well what he deserved, and what he was to expect from me, and therefore with a low-lived prudence, he got immediately a dispensation from the penalties against marriage—But he got no dispensation against my pamphlet—and I have the satisfaction to learn by particular enquiries from his domestics, that the pamphlet has wrought a sensible change in his health and spirits.

Line 78. *Preach 'gainst defamation.*] The pulpit should above all places be kept free from personality. And yet this scoundrel Burrowes had the impudence, while my animadversions were in the prefs, to preach in my presence from the College pulpit, a sermon against defamation—I knew it must have been me he meant—I am as Protestant a gentleman as any in Ireland—the very Protestant Resolutions of the county of Meath, were of my inditing—but I declare I will not go into the inside of a Church, if I am to be subjected to personal attacks where I am not allowed to reply. And I assure this particular fellow, (for I can call him by no worse name) that if hereafter he shall attempt to preach against slander—or lying—or litigiousness—or malevolence—or violence—or vanity—or anger—or revenge, &c. &c. &c. &c. his gown shall not afford him a protection from my merited indignation.

In Deane see thy poetic fire—  
 Thy touch satiric view in me:  
 But to a poet's name  
 I too have a distinguished claim—  
 There must be wit—where Judgement rarely  
 acts—

85

For fancy—read it in my facts—  
 Sagacious Mind, th' unseen divining—  
 Discordant elements combining—  
 Grandeur and fire in all my deeds and words—  
 I write to Monarchs, and I fight with Lords. 90  
 Yet

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Line 81. *In Deane see, &c.*] Another strong circumstance of similitude between old and young Dean Swift was the Mathefiphobia with which they were both so much affected.—This was happily touched off by some friend of ours in the following little Epigram.

St. Patrick's Dean who men and things knew well,  
 In Mathematics never could excel;  
 Let wits to kindred knowledge make pretence,  
 Young Swift is heir to all his ignorance.

Deane (who thought it more complimentary than I did) translated it into Latin elegantly, as follows:—

Doctrina & salibus nulla non laude celebris,  
 Arte Euclidea, Gulliver, hospes eras.  
 Doctrinamque salesque nepos fastidit & odit,  
 At nescire tuum vendicat omne sibi.

Line 87. *Th' unseen divining.* This is the true *mens divinior* of Horace, marked by the frenzy rolling eye of the poet—Both the quality and its sign I possess in a remarkable degree. The conspiracy of the Fellows against my son—the compact between Examiners and Answerers—the distribution of the punishment fund, &c. &c. &c. were all discoveries for which the Public is wholly indebted to my sagacity.

Line 90. *I write to Monarchs.*] Witness the letter to his Majesty, of my inditing on the affair of Honor which his

R. H.

Yet I my Eagle's flight can bend,  
 From loftier Game to pounce on small,  
 And for the public weal can condescend  
 To libel Burrowes—Elrington—or Hall.

I hate them all—

95

But Elrington most sore  
 Detested Euclid's odious Editor.

VII.

One day Deane met Elrington in the street,  
 And seeing he had no stick,  
 Deane gave him a kick,

100

Oh !

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R. H. the Duke of York condescended to have with Lenox. In this Letter I proved, as clearly as I have proved most of the points in my Animadversions, that Mr. Pitt the minister had a scheme for placing the spurious issue of Charles the second on the throne of England, and that Lenox's duel was the first act of the intended Tragedy—My timely discovery of this Plot has prevented its going any farther.

Line 97. I had another ground of offence against Elrington. When my son came to live in College I found it convenient to live with him in his apartments, and continued to hold possession of them for a long time after his name was taken off the books, conceiving I had a legal title to the same—Though my regard for peace and quietness has been such that I have not, since I was dispossessed, taken any steps to recover my right. Be that as it may—Elrington, who was Register of Chambers, wrote a lying Letter (as he says, by order of the Board) to the proprietor of the apartments in which he knew I lived, telling him, that by my son's taking his name off the books they had become vacant—Vacant—and I living in them! Was I nothing, Mr. Elrington?—I sent immediately to the country for Deane, who the day after his arrival inflicted on the Mathematician the chastisement described in the following stanza.

Line 98. *One day, &c.*] The prosaic creeping of these lines must appear to every man of taste admirably adapted to the meannels of the subject—the kicking really is described *sermone pedestri.*

Line

Oh! much loved Boy—that rashness ne'er repeat!

Provoked again

Thy only Weapon be thy Pen—

Henceforth lash only with Poetic feet.

And like the Satirist of Grecian Story, 105

Kill with thy Words—and turn revenge to  
Glory.

Walker! I'll hate thee all my days—

To all the name my hatred's risen—

One Walker scorn'd my proffer'd praise,

Another sentenced me to prison, 110

But

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Line 105. *And like the Satirist, &c.*] This I actually did—Wit never loses its opportunity—I once received an insult and waited till the offender was in a bad state of health—Then I attacked him, and he died soon after. This story I have told to several—and those pests of society, Burrowes and Hall, I have dragged to the Guillotine, where I'll keep 'em till it suits my pleasure to dispatch them.

Line 107. *Walker, I'll hate thee, &c.*] The conduct of this gentleman (for in this place I must call him such) in the course of our trial was particularly offensive—His saying that Browne had stated the evidence fairly, which I had accused him of mistaking, and his interrupting my son's eloquent speech, are offences I will not readily forgive.

Line 109. *Scorned my proffer'd praise.*] Deane after the publication of my pamphlet called on Walker the Fellow, to inform him that on account of his very amiable character I had not animadverted at all on him. What do you think was his ungracious answer? “That really, if he had been attacked in my work, it would have given him very little concern, as he should have been abused in company with many persons whom he highly respected and esteemed.”—Could any thing have been more unhandsome and ungrateful? It is impossible the character we had heard of Walker could have been true—I have in consideration of his incivility, and his bad character, attacked him therefore with the rest on the statute of marriage.

Line 110. *Another sentenced me.*] I was extremely unlucky in producing a witness from whose incontinence, how-

C ever

But though our bodies be confin'd,  
 Who can restrain th' expansive Mind?  
 Laugh we then, Deane, their groveling Im-  
 tence!

Dearest of boobies, you and I  
 On fancy's pinions borne will fly 115  
 Excursive through th' aerial void, beyond the  
 bounds of Sense.

Fear

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

ever reluctant, Curran was able to get the whole truth—My determination to insult Elrington would never have come out but for our kinsman—I had a most admirable concatenation of evidence to support me—One gentleman who saw the transaction during its first nineteen seconds, another who took him up for the next thirty two seconds, and so on. This mode of evidence I learned from the trial of my friend Williams—I wrote against it then, but used it considerably extended and improved upon my own—I think I shewed myself *open to conviction*—On his trial one lady swore to a man's stooping down, her sister swore to a man rising up, and the jury, in spite of me, would believe that it was the same man who stooped down and then rose up.

Line 116. *Aerial void.*] Aerial flights—except those of fancy I wholly condemn—I wrote a much admired poem against Lunardi and his Balloon. It was published in London some years since, and entitled The Temple of Folly, in four canto's. I shall reprint it here, with some alterations, making Dublin College the Temple, and give the profits to the Historical Society in William Street, where my son and I are shortly to be proposed as Honorary Members.

Line *ibid.* *Beyond the bounds of Sense.*] The Fellows of the College, who know nothing of the flights of fancy, or the language of poetry, will perhaps say, that what goes beyond the bounds of sense must get into the regions of non-sense—Oh! Verbal Logicians! Oh! Mathematical Critics!—

Line

## VIII.

Fear no more the toll of the bell,  
 Nor the frowning fellows fury:  
 Thy College race thou'st finished well,  
 To the Gaol art come—by verdict of Jury. 120  
 And yet ev'n here we are not comfortless—  
 Here too are grievances which seek redress—  
 Here we've an Audience always within Call,  
 Our diction here with Slang we'll learn t'  
 adorn,  
 And here we'll note on the enduring wall 125  
 The tale of College shame to Prisoners yet  
 unborn.

## Quotations

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 120. *To the Gaol art come.*] Deane says that *Carcer* in Latin either signifies a prison or the end of a race—*Gaol* in English he says therefore is or ought to be equally equivocal, and the word *Goal* is a misspelling of *Gaol*. If this be so, (and Deane is not bad authority) the equivoque here is the best hit in my poem.

Line 122. *Here too are grievances.*] I do love a grievance in my heart—My blood was stagnating for two or three years, until the Defenders and the Fellows of the College called up my exertions. Long life, said the owl in the fable, long life to Sultan Mahmoud, for during his reign we shall never want for ruined villages—Long life, say I, to Dublin College, for during the existence of that fruitful source I shall never want Grievances.

Line 124. *Our diction here.*] Deane's fine taste, which has always led him to the study of the languages, in contempt of the Sciences, is gratified here, by having the best opportunity of studying the Slang—He says he would much rather be the author of some of the Odes written in that Language, than of the Delian Problem. He has pointed out to me some inimitably beautiful phrases in it, which I was very near arriving at in my pamphlet—Same words from congenial thoughts.

Quotations pick from Parson Jackson's bible,  
And teach poor Cooney safer modes of libel.  
Nor, though unused to panegyric Lays,

Be e'er by me, O Gregg, thy Name 130  
Recorded without pregnant praise,  
For honor, grace and dignity first in the lists  
of fame.

Were

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Lines, 127, 8. *Jackson—Cooney.*] I cannot say that I very much like the conversation either of Jackson or Cooney—the first is a suspected Republican—the second is a Papist—But they both listen well. I am assisting Jackson, in a professional line, to make up a defence against the next Commission, and having been eleven times prosecuted and acquitted for libels had Cooney courted my friendship earlier, I apprehend he would have come off better.

Line 129. *Unused to panegyric Lays.*] I cannot say that I have ever tried my hand at a regular panegyric—I do not find it my forte. Sometimes indeed I have praised a man to gain a reputation for candor—sometimes I have praised one, that my censure of another might be more marked by the contrast—The practice, however, for the future I shall wholly lay aside; for not knowing how soon I may quarrel with an acquaintance or friend, it is impolitic to give any of them a character under my hand, which may not be so readily overturned in the opinion of the public. Thus having in the warmth of my heart, or for some particular purpose, called Mr. Stopford, the amiable, the friendly, the liberal, the very learned, and praised him for superior worth and genius, I certainly felt somewhat awkward, when I found him, with so little gratitude or complaisance contradict, under his hand in the public news-papers, an assertion of mine—The documents I have—But I will not anticipate the pleasure the public will have in perusing them—Every man is open to Error—I therefore request my friends will erase from their copies of my Animadversions, the passages relating to Stopford (Page 64 and elsewhere) for Stopford is a scoundrel and a liar.

Line 130. *O Gregg.*] Tresham Gregg, Esq. Master of his Majesty's prison, called Newgate—the truly learned Mr. Gregg,

## IX.

Were you, my Gregg, but placed in Provost's  
chair,

From felons here, to govern fellows there—

The wish is selfish—I confess it— 135

I want for Deane a Bene-disceffit—

But if, my friend in Newgate you'll remain,  
And College Rules will not give place to Deane,

Then

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Gregg, whose copious Erudition commands my esteem, and sheds a lustre over that prison of which he is the appointed guardian. But one swan maketh no summer in the garden of the Muses.

Line 133. *In Provost's chair.*] Mr. Gregg has considerable pretensions to this office and several valuable qualifications for it. He has a lucrative and honourable appointment to give up—he may be considered as a gentleman in the law line, in which this promotion has of late gone—and he presides with great dignity over a society not to be managed without strict discipline. I much fear however, that my necessary stay here for some time longer will prevent his claims being urged on the other side the water as they might—Several candidates have been much spoken of with worse pretensions.

Line 136. *A bene disceffit.*] When I had it buzz'd about College, that I was just going to publish a volume of the most bitter animadversions on the Fellows, I applied for his bene disceffit for eight terms, which, it being but two terms longer than Deane's name was on the books, I thought they would to suppress the work have immediately granted. Only think of the absurdity of their answer—they had a by-law—he had stood only two examinations, and both in the Junior Freshman year, and therefore they would give him a bene disceffit only for that year.—In justice should they not have allowed him all those terms which he might have attended, had not their villainous combination forced him from their College? and in policy—But they have their by-law—and I have published the Animadversions.

Line

Then by his numbers sweetly flowing—  
 And by the heat I once felt glowing 140  
     At William's Statue's feet—  
 By other Williams' graving tool—  
 And by the fame of Eton School  
     The muses dear retreat—  
 By coward Lenox' pistol ball— 145  
     By the head of hated Hall—  
 By speech which Deane essay'd to read—  
 By embryo pamphlets in my head—

By

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 140. *By the heat, &c.*] When the Papists set fire to the House of Commons, (which I knew was only part of a great gunpowder plot to be revived) I went out into the street in considerable alarm, and leaning for some time against the base of King William's statue, I solemnly declare that in my mind I felt during that time a strong sensation of heat—Immediately on my quitting this position, a friend who was with me put his hand on the stone I had leaned against, and he is ready to aver on oath if required, that the stone at that time was really hot.—I wrote a pamphlet immediately on this—but the Parliament went on granting privileges to the Papists, for which we—such of us, I mean, as have exerted great literary talents against them—may be sure of having our throats cut by them.

Line 142. *Other Williams.*] Rhynwick Williams mentioned before—I am a true Williamite.

Line 145. *Coward Lenox.*] So I called him on his fighting the Duke of York. He fought me on it and wounded me severely—but I never retract—any thing I say must have been true.

Line 147. *Speech which Deane essay'd to read.*] This composition, as intended to have been spoken, I mean to publish immediately. It is equal to any of Demosthenes's Philippics, and far superior to the puerile works of your modern orators—'Twas a pity we had not it finished in time for Deane to have got it cleverly by heart—his repeating the last words of each sentence, to bring him into that which followed, had an awkward effect in the delivery. His manner of reciting

By these and by ought else I swear  
 'Gainst Dublin College lasting War. 150  
 My voice I'll raise—my influence I'll use—  
 I'll make the King all their requests refuse—  
 And my young Hannibals at th' altar's fire  
 Shall swear to emulate their glorious fire.

So here 155

I for myself and boobies swear  
 'Gainst Dublin College everlasting war.

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reciting it, now he has committed it all to memory, and understands it pretty well, is the most finished display ever made since the days of Garrick. Mr. Gregg praises both the composition and the delivery exceedingly.

Line 152. *I'll make the King.*] I have the honor to be in habits of particular intimacy with his Majesty, ever since his royal visit to Worcester, at the meeting of the three Choirs in 1788—on which occasion I had the honor to be permitted to dedicate a Poetical Address to his Majesty. The Reviewers, whom I scorned to court or to bribe, were envious of my fame and its honours. “Dedicated,” say they, “by Permission to the King. It is impossible to peruse this poem, without admiring the gracious condescension of his Majesty—but good nature is always pleased with good Intent.” Aye, Gentlemen, and taste is gratified with good poetry—That very poetical address is in the highest estimation among the learned and ingenious—I need not tell my readers that it is one of the most popular poems in the English Language. *In manibus non est* indeed, and we know the reason.

Line 153. *And my young Hannibals.*] I had intended to have embellished this little work with a frontispiece representing this. But the tardiness of our Irish Artists made me give up the design. The awkwardness of publishing my Animadversions, with some references to a frontispiece not given with the book, was too recent in my memory.

## CONCLUSION.

HAVING now sworn " 'Gainst Dublin College everlasting  
" War," and not deeming as lightly of Oaths as the Oath-  
mongers and Cauters in that College, I feel it my duty, as it  
is my inclination, to follow up my Animadversions with a  
second volume as speedily as possible. And as my present  
situation will not permit me in person to search for the ne-  
cessary information, I most earnestly intreat the communica-  
tions of all my friends among the students—such in particu-  
lar as have been represented in an unfavourable light by their  
Tutors to their parents—such as have been wickedly cau-  
tioned by cool-blooded assassins at Examinations, and such  
as have had the misfortune of falling under the Censures of  
the odious Board. Such gentlemen will be entitled to the  
Author's best thanks, and their communications, with His  
embellishments and additions, be speedily laid before the  
public.

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